

Lost

by LostViking

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Summary: An unknown duo is shot down on berk. what happens when they have to get used to working with humans, and the Berkian community? And what secrets are being kept? As one of the duo has to make a decision that will change their life. (This summary may not be accurate because i am stuck for ideas! i would love it if you could give me some! there might be hiccstid, also might be ocXoc

1. Chapter 1

Httyd fan fiction 5th attempt

The young teen holds tightly to the Nadders neck. Brown hair almost invisible in the near pitch black darkness. The nadders Scales shine blue and pink in the moonlight, as it hovers over the currently sleeping town. "Ready to watch another attack?" the Nadder purrs directing the question at the teen on its back, as she cranes her neck to see the chaos that was about to occur.

>"Me? Why wouldn't I be!" she exclaims, she pats the dragon gently on the back of its head, under its crown of spikes. A small whistle is heard as alone spine twirls its way down to the sleeping village. Nothing can be heard as it travels now, it's too far away. It sinks into the door of one of the funny little houses. The girl on the Nadder laughs, waiting for the little Vikings to awaken.
The dragons pull closer, just enough so that they are visible to the tiny looking Viking's below. The shapes of the four allocated breeds are outlined by moon shine and sketchy trees. The Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks and Nightmares all waited.

>"DRAGON ATTACK!" those words set off the whole thing. It sent Nadders spiralling down from every corner, they would go for the fish, down by the docks or in the store house. The Gronkles where defence, though on their retreat they would grab as much food as possible.
The brown haired girl on the Nadder laughed, seeing the whole thing from the air was amusing, she was safe, no Viking could throw that far, and they ran around like a nest or fireworms had just been spilled onto their cliffy home.

>Zipplebacks, well they just swarmed the place, breaking down defences, blowing up homes. The Nightmares stole as many sheep and yaks as they could, seeing as they could carry more, and fly faster, due to their massive wing span.
The girl wore a sadistic grin on her face, be she was sacred, scared that if they didn't get enough food more dragons would die, more dragons would become food, or not have enough for themselves. It really worried her "And what do you do to help you fellow dragons?" a voice in her head asks yet again. Nothing. Silence.

The young Hiccup rushes through the streets, he had just awoken, and still he had almost been charred by a Nightmare, that literally came knocking on his door. Most of the fighting was to the left of the great hall, Hiccup thought that maybe, he could get to the forge, and avoid the chief, just maybe. He scampered through the crowd, orders and insults thrown at him like rotten fruit. Another few Vikings shove him to the side, rushing towards a bunch of Gronkles snatching buckets of fish, or the racks they were put to dry on.

"Hey, um. Blade?" The Nadder looks up the girl, for a second turning her attention away from the fight.

>"What is it Wingless?" the blue dragon replies.
"When can I get down there to fight? I don't want it to be like this, me just watching as if it is a stupid game."

>"No, don't even think about it. You're too young to be fighting the humans." Blade responds nodding towards the village. "Even if you could fight them, how would you get back? You can't fly!"
The girl sits back, defeated. She grabs her weapon strapping it to her hands, and pulling herself to her knees.

>"I can't just sit back and do nothing, I'm old enough to look after myself." She spoke, before diving off the side of the dragon.<p>

"Oh, come on. Let me out. Please? I need to make my mark." Hiccup hangs from the Viking males hook hand. Pleading his case.

>"Oh, you've made plenty of marks. All in the wrong places!" He jabs the boy with his fake limb, pushing him further into the forge.
"Please, just two minutes. I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better€I might even get a date!"

>"You can't lift a hammer, you can't swing an axe, and you can't even throw one of these." A stereotypical Viking male lifts up a bola, and handing it to a waiting man outside of the forge.
"No, but this will throw it for me." Hiccup pats the top of a strange wooden machine. Sending a bola whizzing through the window to wrap itself around a Vikings face.

>"See, this is what I'm talking about!"
"It's just a mild calibration issue.." The young Viking reasoned.

>"Hiccup, if you ever want to get out there, to fight dragons. You've gotta stop, all. This." He gestured his hands towards the young, weak Viking.
"What? You just pointed to all of me?!" looking confused he stares at the much bigger male.

>"Yep, that's it. Stop being all of you." That sentence sends them into an argument, unsurprisingly the older man wins. Leaving Hiccup to sharpen a sword, feeling a little deflated. He shrugs it off, pushing the blade of the sword to the spinning stone. He would show them, he could kill a dragon. Because that's the only thing that matters.<p>

The brunette girl lands in the water, with a quietest of sounds. She forces her way to the surface, taking a desperate breath,

determination on her face as she hauls herself to shore.

>No more failures, she thought dully.
They won't know what hit them. She drags herself to her feet, a (stolen) axe strapped to her back, and her makeshift claws fastened to the leather gloves on her hands.

Another fire, and another explosion, the blond Viking girl thought. She was bored, every night for the past week they had been up dousing fires, even if there was no dragon attack, the twins seemed to make just enough work. Thank Thor that they were to be admitted into dragon training soon, finally the twins would have something else to fight. Rather than each other. Or the rest of the village. Throwing another bucket load of water onto the house she sighed, walking back to retrieve more liquid to quench the blaze. Astrid felt the dread growing, imagine if the twins never stopped blowing things up. She shook her head, no they would stop. Eventually.

The girl was now among those fighting. The demanding booming of voices droning almost all ears. The roars of dragons seemed to grow stronger, she weaved through the crowd, snatching fish and bread, shoving them in her leather bag. "Hey, Wingless. What are you doing down here, we told you to stay with Blade." A greenish looking Gronkle stated, scooping rocks into its overly large jaw.

>"I know, but, I don't want to feel like I'm a hindrance." She shoves another fish into her bag. And continues to jog on. "I'm just doing my best to help out." She shouts behind her. Dashing blindly forwards. Aiming for the food storage that a bunch of Nadders were currently raiding. As she reached them the fires were starting to intensify, rising around her. Dragons falling like flies, bolas shooting through the flame lit air.
"Great." Mumbling she rushed to the closest trapped dragon, using her axe to sever the bonds of the rope. First fire, now trapped Nadders, she thought sighing. "Come on, get out of here." She tossed a dozen fish to the Nadder. The dragon shook the orange tipped spikes on its tail. And with a nod, the Nadder snatched the last cod, and spread its beautiful azure wings. Knocking over a few unfortunate Vikings in its take off attempt, the winged reptile stumbled through the sky, meeting with a few others on the way.

>Suddenly, she ran. Dodging a few stray fireballs, and leaving the charred remains of the food storage building. Still on the move she slipped the axe back into the rope that held it to her back. Pulling a small dagger from her sleeve she smiled. This should be better from cutting rope. The teen told herself. "Now to help the Zipp-"She got cut off by a female voice.
"Who are you?"

>The girl kept walking, forgetting the question. She approached a building, one of few that was still upright.
"I said, who are you?!" The blond who asked the question held a bucket of water in her hands. She had metal shoulder guards, split into sections to allow movement. She looked like a good fighter, the other brown haired teen didn't want to risk it.

>Ok, what now? The brunette thought. Picking up pace. Urgh, Blade was right! I'm not ready to help in the raids. I'm just a useless human! She sighed, attempting once again to lose the irritating Viking girl.
"I'm no one important. Just leave me alone!" The girl yelled to her 'follower'. Taking a tight turn left, were she swore she saw the gas breathing head of a Zippleback materialise. A flick of a yellow tail trailed of behind the reptile, into another crowd of blood thirsty humans. Kicking the dirt in fury, the girl looked desperately for a place to hide. She settled with slipping behind a still full barrel of fish, hoping that no dragons would notice what

they left.

>"Hey?! Where are you?" The Viking girl yelled, anger and annoyance in her voice.<p>

Hiccup, to his relief, was finally out of the forge, the strange bola firing contraption with him also.

>He settled for waiting on a hill, waiting for the chance to change his life.<p>

Where could that girl have gone?! The Viking girl had lost her a few minutes ago. It was just as if she had flown off. But she knew she couldn't off. "Hey?! Where are you?" She felt stupid for saying that, yelling to nothing. She had to think of her reputation. She was destined to be the best, to be the one that kills the Nightmare. She couldn't go around talking to air!

>But she could find this girl. She had never seen her before, and as far as she knew, no new families had come to Berk in her life time. So who was she?<p>

She couldn't let the Viking girl find her, they would kill her, or make her say on Berk. Though she wasn't too sure which would be worse for her. She brought her knees to her chest. Making herself smaller, less noticeable. The dragons needed her, she needed them. And she had to get away. Her hand caught on a rock, or some shard of splinted metal. Leaving a small cut on her finger.

>This day just gets better and better.<p>

"Hey, Astrid? What are you doing?" Another teen approached her, also holding a bucket. It was one of the twins.

>"I swear-" The blond, Astrid, couldn't finish. The other girl had grabbed her hand and dragged her away roughly. "I saw someoneâ€|someone I don't know." The other girl, Ruffnut, just laughed.
"Someone you like?" she teased, continuing to drag Astrid back the rest of the crew.

>"What? No. A girl I have never seen before. She looked about our age." Astrid sighed, realising she had managed to spill the water all over her boots.<p>

Think, think, think, and think. The brunette peered over the top of the barrel. The smell of fish making her hungry. Thanks to the Queen, most of them hadn't eaten in days. And with all of the training she had, she was starving.

>That's it! He brain screamed to her. Fish, dragons are stealing food, fish is food.
She grabbed one of the slimy scaly creatures and tossed it as high as she could into the air. No dragons caught it. She tossed another, and then another. Before finally.

>"Boo!" A low grumble erupted from behind her. Making the poor girl jump.
"Cinder! Don't you ever do that again." She punched the dragons shoulder. Right on one of her more purple patches. The dragon's long ears ran down its back, meeting with the start of her wings, the join was a metallic looking silver, mixed with an electrifyingly sharp violet.

>"And don't you go jumping off of Nadders again, you scared Blade half to death!" The dragon scolded, moving its tail slowly behind it.
"Like I listen to you!" the girl laughed. The reptiles violet eyes met with hers, and it bared its teeth, growling viciously.

>"Keera, you always listen to me. After all we are family."
The girl, Keera, leaped onto the coal coloured dragons back. Holding for dear life as the beast took off in a vertical climb at breakneck

speed.

Hiccup launched the weapon, hearing the screech of the Nightfury as it fell to the ground.

**/Just to say, i am really bad at updating, but the next update will be about three years into the future (not the real future, as in Berks future :P) **

If you think i could improve my writing tell me. Well i mean i know there are soo many ways i could improve, but i need people to tell me, im no good at Picking things out. Also I have just turned 13, so obviously i can't write verry well. I know some 13 years olds that can write amazingly, but me...urm, no so much. anyway. hope this story didn't kill you. and i hope to update soon-ish :D THANKYOU FOR RREADING./

2. Chapter 2

**First of all, thankyou to TheFAYZianQuaff for the tips. I haven't used them in this chapter, because im tired, its almost 3 in the morning, but i thought i would post anyway.

>Ok, these chapters are not long, and they are probably really poor quality, if you have any complaints about it, plz tell me XD

**Now, i really need to say this. I have no idea for the story line. well i know some of it, but i need ideas, please? i have new dragon designs, but my printer and scanner is out of date, thus i can not post them. **

and finally, i forgot to do this before-

I do not own HTTYD or anything of the sort. I wish i did, however, with my bad ideas i think it would be a horrific idea to let me be in charge of HTTYD, and with that, on with the torture.

* * *

><p>The teen sat up, careful not to hit her head on the roof of the small cave. "Cinder, can't you ever pick a cave big enough for me to stand up in? I'm not the short thirteen year old I was three years ago you know!" She yells, looking down to the half-asleep dragon on the floor. The dragon purred, ungracefully smacking its head on the wall before rolling to its feet. Cinder pointed her head in Keera's direction "Don't get cocky with me. I could throw you out of this cave if I wanted to." The dragon droned smugly. Padding softly towards the entrance to the cave, and flopping down on her obsidian paws. The dragon started humming to itself, bathing in the sunlight. "You're really just a glorified cat aren't you?" Keera said, watching the reptile stretch out like a feline, and lazing around in sunrays. "So much for the death defying Night Walker." Cinder laughed crazily, rolling onto her side. "Sometimes, I really wish you can't understand me." Keera fell back against the wall, she hadn't talked to a human in three years. Since the Nightfury was shot down, no dragons had been killed on Berk. And she was yet to go back. No dragon could trust the people there, not straight away. But the dragons that went, never came back. She secretly wondered what it would be like to live with humans. What it would have been like to grow up with her real

family. "If I couldn't understand you, I would be lonely, but a lot less stressed." Keera sighed. Cinder didn't like that, she expressed her annoyance in a series of snorts, and rolls of her eyes. It looked as if she was about to set something on fire, but instead she just huffed at the human, before gazing back out of the cave mouth. "All I'm saying is that sometimes you are really infuriating." Keera shrugged, plaiting her hair and tucking the spare behind her ear. "But, you are family, so I guess it's your job." The teen grabs her headband from a small scorched patch on the floor. Putting it on her head carefully and smiling. The Nightwalker grins in the awkward dragon fashion, the dragon nodded in approval as Keera picked up her leather gloves and her axe. She latched her hand around the handle of the axe. "I'm going training, I'll be back in a few hours. Then we can leave." She slipped out of the cave. Landing, with the grace of a Nightfury, on a tiny ledge that reached out from the cliff face. Keera displayed no signs of being nervous as she leapt from the outcropping. The jump was not as far as the one she had made in Berk three long winters ago. She landed in the water, without too much of a stinging sensation remaining. Her whole body was cold due to it being morning, and she just jumping into the sea. However the girl did not shiver. She shook off the feeling as she pulled herself up onto the bank, mud staining her soaked clothes. What a wonderful way to wake myself up. She thought dryly. Tree after tree took a beating, Keera wished she had paid more attention at the amount each tree had been hacked at. When she stopped to take a small breather, she noticed a bunch of trees that looked as if they were just about ready to keel over. (This next bit is in Berk, BUT, it's as if Alvin the treacherous was still a threat and had learnt to ride dragons.) "Right, so the twins will guard the port tonight." Hiccup said, trying not to sound too unenthusiastic about having them protecting the village. "Wait, one question. Why do I have to spend my whole night sitting outside in the cold?" Tuffnut asked while leaning on the wall of the dragon training academy. "You have to, because otherwise you will have to spend every day outside in the cold until we rebuild the village. That is, if you survive the outcast attack." Snotlout chimed in, not exactly helping the conversation. Hiccup stood defeated, still he couldn't just leave the village defenceless, the twins were better than nothing. Fishlegs was scared of the dark, Snotlout couldn't guard an egg, and Hiccup has more important stuff to do. And it was Astrid's mum's birthday, and no matter how much she wanted to get away from the family's celebration, she just couldn't. "Hang on, you want us to stop people blowing stuff up! What is wrong with you?" Ruff said, totally confused. She looked at her dumber brother who had a blank expression. She slapped him, trying to gain his attention. "Hey, what was that for?" Tuff mumbled before retuning her action with a punch. Hiccup and Astrid had both had enough of the twins. Though Astrid had put up with them more. She made her way towards her Nadder, Stormfly. Petting the dragon's scaly head, she stood next to her. "So, who's on guard duty tomorrow?" She said, waiting to finally go home after a long day of training. She looked around the group, Snotlout was now too occupied with wrestling his dragon for no reason, the twins were at each other's throats again. And Fishlegs was just standing there, like a random Fishlegs shaped statue. Hiccup was a little angry, he really couldn't be bothered to convince any of the other dragon riders that they should do it. Well, he could convince Fishlegs, but he didn't want to force him, especially with all his fears. Hiccup looked to the floor. "I guess it will be me." He said, faking a smile, though Astrid could see right through it. She groaned, leaping onto Stormfly's back. She didn't know what the village would be like if Hiccup hadn't shot down

Toothless. She would have won dragon training, and probably not think twice about killing anything. She had to thank Hiccup for that. He gave her the chance to meet Stormfly, and that dragon meant almost everything to her. Hiccup felt a little deflated, he just walked over to Toothless carefully. And sunk down to sit on the floor next to the deadly reptile. "What do you think bud?" The dragon just snorted at him, rising to his feet. Hiccup frowned, lost. He rose to his feet once more. Looking around the room, he saw that everyone had gone, though he could still hear the twins. (Back with Keera) Keera actually laughed as she was falling from a ledge. However the black dragon watching her just huffed. Silly humans. Cinder thought. Keera smirked, she had done enough training and was having a bit of fun while Cinder sunbathed for a few more minutes, only a few more. The girl thought the dragon should be roasting by now, the sun was strong, and she protected from the winds by the cliff. The teen was half expecting her scaly sister to burst into flames any second. And if she did, Keera wasn't sure if she would laugh or be worried. She settled with laughing then being worried, after all, she had to get a bit of fun out of it. After all the times she had been set alight previously. And for all of the times she probably would be in the future. Keera laid back against a rock. "Hey, lazy. Are you going to move at all today? After all, we are meant to be researching Berk." She yelled up to the catdragon, throwing a small pebble at the beasts head. After curving through the air it hits one of the gem like scales on its forehead. Making the dragon roll its eyes in frustration. It's like having an annoying little sister. Cinder though, sending an insignificant blast of plasma down to the waiting girl. Keera dodged easily. Though Cinder did not avoid the death glare that shot through her from about twenty meters below. The Sixteen year old ducked, as the dragon whizzed past, kicking her in the head. "Oh, you're the all-powerful dragon. And all you can do is sulk." She teased, grabbing her bag, and the set of clothes she had left out to dry. "And your sixteen, stop acting like a kid." Keera said, ignoring the dragons' tired looks, and the boredom so obviously displayed on the dragons face. Cinder looked almost identical to a Nightfury, but her ears were longer, she had a beautiful purple gem on her head that glistened and sometimes created a rainbow like pattern when caught in the sunlight. Her wingspan was larger and her back was tipped with gloomy purple spines, its tail possessed a set of four spikes, like a nadders, they laid flat against the skin of the tail. However these were midnight black, and could be positioned so that they arched out from the Nightwalkers tail, to be used as some kind of spear tipped mace. "Okay, argument over." Keera said, after an awkward, but slightly amusing stillness in the conversation. "We need to get to Berk, and figure out why the dragons haven't been coming back." Keera had packed her bag, stuffing in her, still slightly damp, spare clothes and a few sheathed weapons. Cinder didn't have to pack a bag, she was a dragon. She wasn't the kind of creature to go around saving stuff for later, she was more of the see fish, eat it now, type of dragon. As if there was any other way of thinking! Cinder wasn't too happy about this, but she knew it was important to Keera, and a lot of other dragons to be honest. Families had been falling apart, dragons leaving and rarely coming back, for some reason, those who did come back, left soon after, another hoard of dragons accompanying them. "Right, Berk." Cinder paused for a second. "Which ways Berk?" Cinder nodded, prompting Keera to answer. "North-east of dragon island. It's a longish fly, we should be there by the time the moon reaches the midway point." Keera first leaned to the left, then to the right, attempting to get a better position Cinders back. The dragon was rather large and burly, mainly because

of her early obsession with training to fight, but it made her uncomfortable to sit on. She wished she could make something like a saddle, that would be much more comfortable, however, Keera feared Cinder would find it just the slightest bit demeaning. And she would probably feel the wrath of the mighty Nightwalker. Whatever that meant. (Berk. Just before nightfall.) "Hey, Tuff, was there something we were meant to be doing today?" Ruff asked randomly while hanging from one of the many support beams in their house. The building gave a tiny creak as Tuff joined his sister, getting a quick punch in the face. "Thinking, thinkingâ€¦" The male started swaying back and forth blood rushing to his head. "Nope, I forgot, what was I thinking about?" Tuff asked innocently. Ruffnut just sighed, bored of her brothers brain deadness, that made sense, right? "It was something about destructionâ€¦I think." Ruff grinned. "No, Hiccup would never let us blow stuff up, seriously, that guys no fun. He still won't let me pet that whispering death." The twins were still hanging upside down, almost colourless hair draping down from their heads. Helmets on the floor. Brain dead was almost a word to be associated with the two teens. "Hey, Barf, Belch, do you know what we are meant to be doing?" Ruff asked the dragon carefully. Barf sighed grabbing Ruffnut, and walking off, with its other head gripping Tuffnut with his jaws. The dragons sigh released a small amount of gas, leaving Ruff a little light headed and dizzy. The dragon simultaneously let the twins fall to the floor, they had no helmets on, and Ruff was attempting not to be sick. Great. She thought hand flying to her mouth. Our dragon wants us to star -gaze. "Hey. Don't be sick on me." Tuff said, noticing the green look on his sisters' face, and pushing her away roughly. "It's not my fault, blame Barf. He gassed me!" Ruff complained, crossing her arms defensively. "Hey, look. That looks like a Nightfury, I thought Hiccup said he was too busy to be on guard tonight!" Tuff exclaimed, finally realising what they were meant to be doing. He smashed his fist into his sister's face, making sure her had her attention. "Hey, I'm seeing stars." Ruff laughed. Flopping onto the floor thanks to her light-headedness. "Hey, do you think we should tell someone about that?" Tuff said pointing towards the dragon silhouette in the sky. The twin's dragon looked at them confused. The Zippleback didn't quite understand the ways of its riders. It flicked them with its tail as it turned and sauntered off.

3. Chapter 3

Gripping with all her strength, Keera only just managed to maintain her solid grip on Cinder's neck. Thanks to the ferocity of the wind, combined with the speed in which they travelled, the sixteen year old found it almost impossible to decipher the shapes rolling by below them. Though she didn't doubt the fact that they were close to berk-Looking forwards, squinting, she could just about see the island rising up over the strangely calm sea-She would have liked to know exactly where they were at some point.
>Cinder, however, could see perfectly fine. After all, she was a Nightwalker. They would be no reason for their speed if they could not see the path on which they journeyed. The dragon growled, dipping down into a tight spin, before levelling out with one flap of its coal black wings. This mad Keera clutch onto her neck, ensuring her safety, with her arms wrapped around the dragon, like a giant teddy bear.
"Cinder, are we there yet?" yelling was all Keera could do to be heard as she attempted to understand the blur in front of her as they advanced towards berk. She could feel her eyes watering as

the tornado strength air flow lashed at her face.

"Not too long now. Hold on." The dragon grunted, using her altitude to gain speed, she worked with gravity, dipping closer to the smooth water surface. Leaving a small indentation in the waves with the close proximity. White tipped water trailing behind her, she furiously flapped her wings.

>It was cold, not raining but the air held a ruthless chill. Cinder knew that flying in this weather wouldn't be too good. She obviously, being a dragon, could easily tackle the circumstances. But the reptile feared for the human. Her kind were not suited to extreme speed, let alone with a wind chill that could freeze a Fireworm.
The girl, still clasping the dragon's neck, shivered. It wasn't the worst flight she had been on, though the wind cut through her like millions of tiny knives. The fact that she didn't have her warmest clothing on, also worked against her. All she was wearing was black leggings, a dark blue sleeveless top and a thin leather skirt she had stolen a few years back. And was way too small for her, now being sixteen and all. She still had her other clothes, they were stuffed into her bag. But they would be damp from all of the cliff jumping she had done at the dawn of the day. And there was no way that those garments would fare any better under the specific weather conditions.

(Berk)

The twins, though being in the right place. Still didn't totally understand what it was they were meant to be doing. They just watched the barely visible dragon shape advancing with breakneck speed. If they ever paid any attention to their training classes, they would have easily noticed the swiftness of the reptile shooting towards them. However, they were the twins. Paying attention was not their forte, but violence and explosions. That was way more their thing. They didn't have the fast dragon, they had the uncoordinated dragon that left chaos in its wake. The dragon they loved.

Said dragon, Barf and Belch, trudged towards the row of houses that conveniently contained the dragon trainers. Although the Zippleback had two brains each of them agreed that their riders were a few trees short of a forest, ok, more than a few trees.

>The fire breathing beast decided it would have to take matters into its own claws, like always. The dragon reached the doors, tapping on each with the tip of its twined tail. Creaks and annoyed groans were the response. The dragon sighed, humans were so lazy.<p>

(Not Berk)

Cinder was now overly worried. She could feel the vicious shivering of the girl over the strain of beating her wings.

>"Hold on, we are almost there." The reptile comforted.
She continued to fly. Slight panic rising. The girl was freezing, she could feel it. The touch of frost against her scales, and the way her clothes felt rough and crystallised.

"You've got to stop being so interested in Berk Keera. If only you had let us stop off on the way, you wouldn't be freezing to death now." Cinder warned, softness creeping into her voice.

>Earlier the young human had been adamant that they had to get to Berk. Cinder could do nothing to stop her, she figured if she did do the right thing and land. Keera would probably abandon her, and being

the common headstrong human she was, she would just get a lift from a dragon with no initiative to think before they flew. It was better to see that she got to Berk, not to go on a wild goose chase attempting to locate the girl.<p>

"J-just concentrate on flying" The teen stuttered, kicking the dragon's brain back into focus. The Nightwalker flew, rising further, escaping the clutches of sea spray. Just a few feet over the sea stacks Cinder slowed, they were almost there. Berk was just in front of them.

Keera had been through the worst, she was lost, confused and never fitted in. But she made a life, she was headstrong, resilient and cared from her reptilian family. She shouldn't have adapted to life as a dragon as quick as she did, but no one could stop her. They were going to take her home, but no one knew where it was anymore, and Keera didn't want to leave, she was lost, but never afraid. Never gave up.

>Cinder winced, flicking the rider from her neck, and wrapping her in robust scaly arms. Enclosing her in her rough warm skin.<p>

(Berk)

The riders were up. Hiccup was glad his plan to let the twins patrol had worked. Not that her had any other options.

They followed the Zippleback to one of the cliffs that looked down onto the rickety port. Him, much like the other riders, hoped that it wasn't really Alvin that the twins (or in this case there dragon) had informed them about.

>"Ruff, Tuff. What's going on?" Hiccup asked, seeing the twins sitting calmly, watching a point in the distance, just over the sea stacks.
"Huh?"

>"Hey, who bought you guys here?" Tuff said, turning his head around, legs still dangling over the jagged edge of the cliff.
The teens stared blankly, the dual headed dragon nodding at the twins from behind the group. Tuff sighed, still not understand, but letting it go.

>"So" Hiccup said dragging out the 'o'.
"Why are we standing out here in the cold?" Snotlout complained, cutting off Hiccups chance to continue speaking. The riders looked at the twins, expecting them to answer. At least partly.

>Ruff and Tuff rose to their feet. Though not without the usual bickering.
"So" Hiccup repeated, waiting painfully for the young Vikings to respond.

>Before the twins could process the words the cries of a dragon echoed through the stiff air, making the hairs stand up on everyone's arms. Every head snapped to face the direction on the shriek. The left, some way past the village. And a small way out to sea. The sea stacks.
Fishlegs looked scared, however, some excitement snuck through.

>"What kind of dragon was that?!" Astrid asked, slightly bewildered. Staring into the distance along with the other kids.<p>

(By the sea stacks.)

"We are almost there" Cinder growled. Berk was one of the most frozen places she had ever been. Years before when she had visited there was a little less snow, but she put that down to the hordes of rampaging

fire breathing reptiles that decided to visit.

>"Ok, next time. I'm listening to you." Keera made a weak attempt at humour. Her hands curled around Cinders arms, holding on tightly, her body feeling tingly as she defrosted.
"Too right you are." Cinder grunted. She was having a hard time maintain her grip on the girl. No doubt, with her on her back, she would have lost her by now. But still.

>"Do you think you could climb back up?" Cinder said nervously, looking down at the sixteen year old, while in mid-flight. She forced her wings to push them higher, the sea stacks almost grazing her hind legs.
"It's so cold Cinder." She said, eyes closing. Grip weakening. "I can't stay awake." She started to breath slower, the temperature of her body plummeting yet again.

>"Hey, wake up." The dragon roared at her, shaking the girl roughly. "Move your butt!"
Her arms felt light, the cold touch that was wrapped within them fell away. Leaving nothing. Just panic. The female Nightwalker let out a frustrated roar that shook the molecules in the air.

She was falling.

(I KNOW THIS IS SHORT, BUT IM STUCK FOR IDEAS. IF YOU HAVE ANY, PLEASE COMMENT. I'm also sorry about the last 2 chapters (1&2) I needed to set it and show a little bit about my oc. Sorry if they were boring, and I'm glad you read this far. Thank you)

End
file.